



1913

GRAMMAR

W. B. ROSE, and A. E. LANG

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EXERCISES IN GRAMMAR

TO BE USED AS INDICATED IN AN

INTRODUCTION

TO

ENGLISH GRAMMAR

BY

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EXERCISES.

I.—EXERCISES LEADING TO A CLEAR KNOWLEDGE OF THE JUDGMENT.

The pupil will examine, compare and classify these thought forms. The classes are to be clearly distinguished and defined.

I.

1. A tree. 2. A rose. 3. The house is white.
4. The dog. 5. John is tired. 6. The bottle is empty. 7. An ink-bottle. 8. The sky. 9. This tree is tall. 10. The cows are thirsty.

II.

1. The deep blue sea. 2. The rose is red.
3. Cows give milk. 4. The street. 5. The prairie. 6. Early in the morning. 7. The horses are ploughing. 8. The old homestead. 9. The Queen loves her people. 10. The days are stormy.

III.

1. An old drinking cup. 2. The house on the corner. 3. The seashore. 4. The mill on the river. 5. Trees are bare in winter. 6. Their lives are happy. 7. A primrose by a river's brim. 8. A lad of about sixteen. 9. Half a hundred bridges. 10. The sweet forget-me-nots.

IV.

1. The captain of the gate. 2. A little sleep. 3. A little folding of the hands. 4. Now the day is over. 5. The tender mercies of the wicked. 6. The old house was pulled down. 7. He was a man to all the country dear. 8. The train was late. 9. The house stands on the corner. 10. Many a silvery water break above the golden gravel.

V.

1. Standing by a purpose true. 2. A very present help in trouble. 3. The old mill stood by the river. 4. Roses are red. 5. All the children in the house. 6. Walking by the sea-shore. 7. He walked in silence along the shore. 8. The dog barks. 9. The barking dog. 10. Cold blows the north wind.

VI.

1. Wasting his time on trifles. 2. He stands by his friends. 3. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. 4. A man to be proud of. 5. Ready to find fault and hard to please. 6. Giving one's money away liberally. 7. Caesar crossed the Rubicon. 8. A desire to become the owner of the property. 9. He wastes his time on trifles. 10. There fell a blighting frost.

VII.

1. In spite of everything and everybody. 2. Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light. 3. To die—to sleep—perchance to dream. 4. The sun sank slowly to rest. 5. The horses gallop merrily along. 6. They prance about. 7. Through mud and rain. 8. Apart from his own wishes in the matter. 9. The old house looks gay. 10. The moon sails serenely through the sky.

VIII.

1. Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. 2. A bundle of toys he had flung on his back. 3. He, like a pedlar just opening his pack. 4. Now the consul's brow was sad. 5. Darkly looked he at the wall. 6. Forth with a cry sprang Titus. 7. The keen demands of appetite. 8. Stooping down from hawthorn top. 9. He found his supper somewhere else. 10. Blessed are the meek.

IX.

1. There came a voice from Heaven. 2. Clouds spread over the sky. 3. Across the sea they speed. 4. Full many a gem of purest ray serene. 5. A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest. 6. I can see the house in

the distance. 7. Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn. 8. A glimmering light in the east. 9. The ravelled sleeve of care. 10. Just enough religion to make us hate one another.

X.

1. A certain spider swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of an infinite number of flies. 2. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage. 3. Urging his own reasons without the least regard to the answers and objections of his opposite. 4. The spider began his argument in the true spirit of controversy. 5. Peg lodged in a garret exposed to the north wind. 6. John Bull was an honest, plain-dealing fellow—choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper. 7. In times of doubt and danger to his person and family. 8. Every age has its own manners. 9. The power of the Crown has grown up anew. 10. Not inclined to pay the King any great compliment.

II.—CLASSIFICATION OF SENTENCES.

The pupil will examine, compare and classify the thought forms. The classes are to be clearly distinguished and defined.

I.

1. The bird sings. 2. How sweetly the bird sings. 3. Run home quickly. 4. Flowers bloom.

5. What a bright day we had. 6. Is the bird singing? 7. Cows are useful. 8. Was John at church this morning? 9. Sing more softly. 10. Did you run all the way home?

II.

1. How the wind blows. 2. Tell me the truth. 3. Read me a story. 4. What a lovely colour the clouds have. 5. The cars run very swiftly. 6. Can I trust you with this vase? 7. The buildings are high. 8. Do you ever see him? 9. The church bell is ringing. 10. Walk softly upstairs.

III.

1. Will you assist me? 2. Clouds sail slowly across the sky. 3. Where is his coat? 4. How cool it is in this shady spot. 5. The dog knows his master. 6. When do you think of going? 7. Drink your tea. 8. Do you take tea? 9. What cold weather we had last winter. 10. The people are walking to church.

IV.

1. Drive more slowly across the bridge. 2. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. 3. Face the wall. 4. He knows his lesson. 5. Are blackbirds useful? 6. Won't Henry sing

for us? 7. Do sing, Henry. 8. Such happy days they were. 9. What a noble man he was. 10. Their swords are rust.

V.

1. Speak gently. 2. How dull it would be to live there. 3. The fire burned brightly. 4. Were the boys well? 5. Write a letter to your aunt. 6. How softly she sleeps. 7. Hold up your head. 8. They sang of home. 9. Brightly gleams our banner. 10. How many happy years have fled. 11. The earth is full of anger.

VI.

1. Have you been successful in your researches? 2. Wellington betray his country—the idea! 3. Go to the ant, thou sluggard. 4. What a fall was there, my countrymen. 5. Whence is that knocking? 6. Let the earth hide thee. 7. I have done the State some service. 8. Who put my man in the stocks? 9. Bid her devise some means to come. 10. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times.

VII.

1. How like a fawning publican he looks. 2. Where be your gibes now? 3. I give thee sixpence—I'll see thee hanged first! 4. I will a

round, unvarnished tale deliver. 5. Who are these coming to the sacrifice? 6. Who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with me? 7. The good sword of Aulus was lifted up to slay. 8. Do right between us twain. 9. How she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown. 10. Mark my tale with care.

VIII.

1. To what green altar, O mysterious priest, lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies? 2. A thing of beauty is a joy forever. 3. Upon the sodden ground his old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead, unsceptred. 4. Our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin. 5. The good wife's shuttle merrily goes flashing through the loom. 6. Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul. 7. What a rapturous cry from all the city's thousand spires arose. 8. What eye of living thing may brook on his blazing brow to look. 9. Let each aim to deliver his countryman from distress. 10. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

IX.

1. Thou art the voice to kingly boys to lift them through the fight. 2. With what a look

the hollow eye of the lean watchman glared upon the foes. 3. What is left of all this glorious world. 4. Now the ugly bullets come pecking through the dust. 5. The captains and the kings depart. 6. Let God be judge between you and me. 7. How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished. 8. Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute. 9. When shall we three meet again? 10. Go forth and meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

X.

1. Let these sentiments be engraved on your memory. 2. Rouse not a peace-loving, but a resolute people. 3. How often have I played under these trees when a boy. 4. Do you think I have nothing to do but to mend and repair after you? 5. It is a miserable thing to live in suspense—the life of a spider. 6. How inconsistent is man with himself. 7. The deep moans round with many voices. 8. My mind to me a kingdom is. 9. How charming is divine philosophy. 10. See the heavy clouds low falling, and bright Hesperus down calling the dead night from under ground.

XI.

Classify the judgments in the following :

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman; and it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment,

about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!

III.—ANALYSIS INTO CONSTITUENT NOTIONS.

The pupil will separate each thought form into its constituent notions.

I.

1. The river is swift. 2. The dog is a faithful animal. 3. The dog is a quadruped. 4. Nights are cool. 5. The furrows are straight. 6. The tax-payers are voters. 7. The boys were swift skaters. 8. Horses are useful. 9. Gold is yellow. 10. The bridge is unsafe.

II.

1. Merchants are tax-payers. 2. The farmer is the happy man. 3. The churches are beautiful. 4. Sleep is refreshing. 5. Soldiers are our protectors. 6. Wellington was an Irishman. 7. Man is mortal. 8. The tree is straight. 9. Paper is white. 10. Ploughing is a pleasant task.

III.

1. The morning was fine. 2. The rebels were a small force. 3. The roads are muddy. 4. The house is warm. 5. The dog is hairy. 6. The bottle is empty. 7. Books are cheap. 8. The cover is blue. 9. The cover is torn.

IV.

1. The dog was a Newfoundland. 2. Carlo is black. 3. The dog was stolen. 4. Carlo was a bad dog. 5. Carlo was whipped. 6. The tobacco is mild. 7. This tobacco is the imported article. 8. This tobacco is home-grown. 9. These blankets were imported. 10. These blankets were manufactured in Canada.

V.

1. The lady is a great singer. 2. Policemen are careful. 3. The lady sings beautifully.

4. Policemen guard our houses. 5. The dog barks. 6. The bell is loud. 7. The bell is ringing. 8. The bell rings. 9. The steamboat is swift. 10. The boats move along.

VI.

1. The horses are tired. 2. I am tired. 3. The wind is high. 4. The wind blows. 5. The mountain is a mile high. 6. The mountain is covered with snow. 7. The plains are rolling. 8. The fields are ripe. 9. The farm yields wheat. 10. Farmers prosper in Manitoba.

VII.

1. The Queen is gracious to her subjects. 2. The sovereign loves her people. 3. Wolves howl at night. 4. The cows are in the corn. 5. Cows give milk. 6. The cows are coming home. 7. The cows walk slowly home. 8. The bell tinkles. 9. The clouds are black. 10. The clouds move rapidly.

VIII.

1. The snow melts rapidly. 2. The ice is covered with water. 3. In the morning the sky is cloudy. 4. Down from the mountain top the eagle was sailing. 5. Again the shout was heard. 6. James is the tallest boy in the room. 7. Mary

is taller than Tom. 8. This pole is the strongest.
9. This pole is stronger than that. 10. Toronto
is a large city.

IX.

1. Slowly the hour hand of the clock moves
round. 2. The hour hand seems motionless.
3. Great is Diana of the Ephesians. 4. Nearer
and nearer they came. 5. No man is able
to tell. 6. No man knows the spot. 7. The
king is come to marshal us. 8. He hath bound
a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
9. Its value is greater than rubies. 10. To err
is human.

X.

1. The nightingale cheered the village with
his song. 2. He began to feel the keen demands
of appetite. 3. The worm addressed him thus
right eloquent. 4. Loud sang the souls of the
jolly, jolly mariners. 5. At an early hour the
general ordered his troops to advance. 6. Then
like a crag down Apennine rushed Auster to the
fray. 7. How beautiful is night. 8. Sad is the
lot of the motherless bairn. 9. He was not able
to render any assistance. 10. The King and his
army were there.

XI.

The forebodings of the Baron proved true. In the afternoon the weather changed. The western wind began to blow, and drew a cloud-veil over the face of heaven. Soon the snow began to fall. Athwart the distant landscape it swept like a white mist. The storm wind came from the Alsatian hills, and struck the dense clouds aslant through the air. And ever faster fell the snow. The setting sun glared wildly from the summit of the hills. It sank like a burning ship at sea wrecked in the tempest. Thus the evening set in. Winter stood at the gate wagging his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper chanting an old rhyme.

XII.

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot ;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples—
how merry !

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry !

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard of his chin was as white as the
 snow ;

The stump of his pipe he held tight in his teeth !
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

XIII.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack ;
 Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back ;
 To many a mingled sound at once
 The awaken'd mountain gave response.
 A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
 Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out,
 A hundred voices join'd the shout ;
 With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
 Far from the tumult fled the roe,
 Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
 Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint, and more faint, its failing din
 Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

XIV.

Hot was the battle, and bloody the fight,
Cool was the evening and peaceful the night.
From the camp in the wood where the valley
 lies lone,
Three times the signalling trumpet has blown.
Loud and ringing its clear notes fall,
Over wood and field they hear the "Recall."
In troops and by knots, by three and by two,
Back they straggle, the valiant few.
Ah ! not all are returning back ;
Full many a man doth the regiment lack.
They were there in their places at reveillé,
At night they lie cold, and pallid to see.
And horses whose saddles are empty to-night
Are galloping wildly to left and to right.
But the bray of the trumpet that sounds the
 recall,
For the third time summoneth one and all.

XV.

Champlain was an explorer. He dearly loved to wander over all parts of the country. He was a brave soldier and very fond of adventures. He wanted to travel all over the great lakes and

rivers, and teach the Indians. Work among the Indians was very hard. To begin with, all the red men living in wigwams were not good friends. The different tribes were always fighting with each other. The strongest of these tribes were the Iroquois. They were very brave, fierce Indians, and they were always ready for war. The other tribes of Indians were in great fear of the savage Iroquois. These were the Hurons and Algonquins.

The Hurons and Algonquins came to trust Champlain fully. A treaty was made, and Champlain promised to help them to fight the Iroquois. On one of his journeys he first came upon the beautiful stretch of water, Lake Champlain. Not far from it lay the bark wigwam villages of the Iroquois. And here Champlain helped his Indian friends to fight the Iroquois. But how he hated to see them torture the prisoners taken in the battle.

XVI.

At Rouen I was struck by the union of venerable antiquity with extreme liveliness and gayety. We have nothing of this sort in England. Till the time of James the First our houses are almost all of wood, and have in con-

sequence disappeared. In York there are some very old streets, but they are abandoned to the lowest people, and the gay shops are in the newly-built quarter of the town. In Rouen you have street after street of lofty stern looking masses of stone with gothic carvings. The buildings are so high, and the ways are so narrow, that the sun can scarcely reach the pavements. Yet in these streets you have all the glitter of Regent street.

IV.—EXAMINATION OF NOTIONS.

Enumerate the constituents which have gone to the making of the following notions, setting forth each in the form of a judgment.

I.

1. The rose. 2. The moon. 3. The cup. 4. A cat. 5. A knife. 6. Snow. 7. A stone. 8. A brick. 9. Grass. 10. Water.

II.

1. Mountain. 2. River. 3. A cloud. 4. A tree. 5. A bird. 6. A house. 7. A horse. 8. A soldier. 9. A fish. 10. A flower.

III.

1. Glass. 2. Wood. 3. Plant. 4. Marble. 5. Brook. 6. Canadian. 7. Book. 8. Fire. 9. Queen. 10. Subject.

IV.

1. Bread. 2. Food. 3. Carriage. 4. Leaf.
5. Fruit. 6. Iron. 7. Star. 8. Merchant.
9. Farmer. 10. Artist.

V.

1. Bank manager. 2. A red rose. 3. The full moon. 4. A large leafy tree. 5. An interesting story book. 6. The Premier of Canada.
7. Historical painting. 8. Narrow gauge railway. 9. Mountain covered with snow. 10. Agricultural implement. 11. Wild grey goose.

V.—PREDICATION.

The pupil will compare the sentences with regard to the effect of the various predicates upon the subject.

I.

1. This house is large. 2. This house is large and red. 3. This house is large and red and old. 4. This house is large and red and old and roofed with tin. 5. This large, red, old tin roofed house stands on the corner. 6. This large, red, old, tin roofed house on the corner belongs to Mr. Jones. 7. This large, red, old, tin-roofed house on the corner, belonging to Mr. Jones, was built in 1876. 8. This large, red, old, tin-roofed house

on the corner, belonging to Mr. Jones, and built in 1876, was offered for sale. 9. This large, red, old tin-roofed house on the corner, belonging to Mr. Jones, built in 1876 and offered for sale was bought for \$1,000. 10. This large, red, old, tin-roofed house on the corner, belonging to Mr. Jones, built in 1876, offered for sale, and bought for \$1000, is used as a workshop.

II.

1. The prairie is rolling. 2. The rolling prairie is watered by occasional small streams. 3. The rolling prairie, watered by occasional small streams is dotted with farm houses. 4. The rolling prairie, watered by occasional small streams and dotted with farm houses, is covered with flowers in spring. 5. The rolling prairie, watered by occasional small streams, dotted with farm houses, and covered with flowers in spring, is beautiful to look upon.

III.

1. The bird in the tree sings sweetly. 2. The bird in the tree sings a sweet song. 3. The cloud sails swiftly along the sky. 4. The knife blade is covered with rust. 5. Soft winds blow gently from the south. 6. Horses toil willingly

for man. 7. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. 8. The quality of mercy is not strained. 9. Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things. 10. An honest man is the noblest work of God.

IV.

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. 2. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea. 3. The ploughman homeward plods his weary way. 4. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark. 5. The short streets were choked up with a dingy mist half thawed half frozen. 6. The ghost stopped for a moment at a certain warehouse door. 7. A solitary child neglected by his friends is left there still. 8. I see the lords of human kind pass by. 9. To be hungry is a sufficient excuse for most men. 10. To command success is not in mortals.

V.

1. St. Swithin is said to have wrought many miracles. 2 Sir Wilfrid Laurier is Premier of Canada. 3. Plato was a great philosopher. 4. Homer was the author of the Iliad. 5. Metals conduct heat and electricity. 6. Snow is cold and white. 7. St. Paul's is a great national

cathedral. 8. The government looks after the property and lives of the citizens. 9. Pain is unpleasant. 10. The sun gives light and heat.

VI.—PREDICATION.

The pupil will examine, compare and classify these judgments on the ground of difference in predication, real and verbal.

I.

1. The ball is round. 2. The ball is blue.
3. Fire burns. 4. The fire was put on at six
5 Water quenches thirst. 6. The water is hard.
7 Sugar is sweet. 8. Sugar is manufactured
in Montreal. 9 Houses are made to dwell in.
10. These houses are built of stone.

II.

1. Snow is cold. 2. Plants grow. 3. Quad-
rupeds have four feet. 4. Mountains are high.
5 Snow fell yesterday. 6. The plants are four
feet high. 7. The mountain is wooded. 8. The
mountain is covered with snow. 9. Pain is
unpleasant. 10. The pain was most severe in
the evening.

III.

1. Boats are made to move on the water.
2. This boat was the fastest on the river.

3. Blood is red. 4. Blood covered his hands.
 5. The wheel is round. 6. The wheel has a
 pneumatic tire. 7. The boat drifted out of its
 course. 8. The wheel ran over his leg. 9. Snow
 is white. 10. Gold is legal tender.

IV.

1. Carnivora eat flesh. 2. Gold is yellow.
 3. The horse is a quadruped. 4. Gold is used for
 ornaments. 5. The horse can travel over ten
 miles an hour. 6. The water came into the boat.
 7. Sea water is salt. 8. Lead is used for bullets.
 9. Lead is heavy. 10. Rain comes from the
 clouds.

V.

1. Waggon's are sometimes used in that coun-
 try. 2. Fish abound in this lake. 3. Shoes are
 imported in large quantities. 4. The pen is of
 steel. 5. Birds have feathers. 6. Sailors travel
 in ships. 7. The windows look to the south.
 8. Waggon's have wheels. 9. Fish can swim in
 water. 10. The birds have yellow feathers.

VI.

1. Elastic stretches. 2. Horses are quadru-
 peds. 3. The waggon's have wide tires. 4.
 Circles are round. 5. Merchants buy and sell

goods. 6. The birds are silent in their nests. 7. The merchants are prosperous. 8. Pens are used for writing. 9. The sailors sing merrily at their work. 10. Shoes are for the feet.

VII.

1. A square has four sides. 2. Shoemakers make shoes. 3. The ball will roll. 4. Hay is cured grass. 5. Hay is twenty dollars a ton. 6. The ball was thrown over the fence. 7. The shoemaker was a tall man. 8. Ink is used for writing. 9. The shoemaker lived on the corner of the street. 10. The ink was frozen.

VIII.

1. Farmers are waiting anxiously for rain. 2. Trees grow in the ground. 3. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. 4. The chimney is twenty feet high. 5. The chimney is to carry off smoke. 6. Islands are surrounded by water. 7. Farmers raise crops. 8. Trees cover most of the mountain. 9. A straight line from here to the tree would be ten feet. 10. The islands look beautiful in summer.

IX.

1. The church steeple points to the sky. 2. Triangles have three sides. 3. The steeple

is covered with tin. 4. Stones sink in water. 5. Rainbows curve along the sky. 6. This triangle is larger than that. 7. Glass is brittle. 8. The monarch was beloved by his people. 9. Glass is made in Germany. 10. There are sixty seconds in a minute.

X.

1. Monarchs have subjects. 2. Justice is giving to all their due. 3. The minister preached a long sermon. 4. Money is used in trading. 5. Copper is used for money. 6. Windows admit light. 7. Sovereignty is the authority of one or more men over others. 8. Six is three times two. 9. Bodies occupy space. 10. Copper is found in Canada.

VII.—MODIFIERS.

The pupil will examine, compare and classify the modifiers on the basis of sentence function.

I.

1. This rose is red. 2. A tall lady entered. 3. She sang sweetly. 4. My dog barked fiercely. 5. The wedding guest stood still. 6. They retired slowly. 7. A tall lad walked by. 8. His notable little wife bustled about. 9. A few amber clouds floated along. 10. His hospitable attentions were brief.

II.

1. Bright flowers bloom in spring. 2. Birds of a feather flock together. 3. Love rules the camp, the court, the grove. 4. Spare diet cures many ills. 5. Large birds fly swiftly. 6. Seven other kine came up after them. 7. The weary Trojans ply their shattered oars. 8. Down sinks the ship within the abyss below. 9. At this moment the ship went down. 10. The grim taciturn bear climbs down the dark ravine.

III.

1. Many dismal tales were told. 2. This horrible tale was told slowly, distinctly, impressively. 3. Rip's sole domestic adherent was Wolf. 4. He looked anxiously around. 5. The stout old gentleman wore a laced doublet. 6. His companion now emptied the keg. 7. Cowards die many times before their death. 8. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea. 9. The ploughman homeward plods his weary way. 10. The darkness falls from the wings of night.

IV.

1. To every man upon this earth death comes soon or late. 2. John Bull's domestic establishment is enormously expensive. 3. Here poor

Rip seated himself. 4. He saw the lordly Hudson far far below. 4. His head gradually declined. 6. There shallow drafts intoxicate the brain. 7. Faint heart never won fair lady. 8. He bears his blushing honours thick upon him. 9. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast. 10. The cellar door flew open with a booming sound.

V.

1. The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. 2. Drinking largely sobers us again. 3. The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill. 4. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen. 5. Thus he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman. 6. Thus secured against surprise he took off his cravat. 7. In came a fiddler with a music book. 8. At last the dinner was all done. 9. With a shilling message or small parcel in his hand his courage, always high, rose higher. 10. The wintry sun too powerless for warmth looked down upon the ice.

VI.

1. Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons. 2. Still the red-faced gentlemen ex-

tolled the good old times. 3. At length the dull and stifling atmosphere began to freshen. 4. In the afternoon he slowly walked towards the river. 5. A herd of boys with clamour bowled and stumped the wicket. 6. All the rosy heights came out above the lawns. 7. Out I sprang from glow to gloom. 8. Here above the garden's glowing blossom-belts a columned entry shone. 9. This lovely yew-tree stands far from all human dwelling. 10. In that deep valley, Michael had designed to build a sheepfold.

VII.

1. A good report did from their kinsman come of Luke and his well-doing. 2. Vital feelings of delight shall rear her form to stately height. 3. There came a youth from Georgia's shore. 4. A military casque he wove with splendid feathers drest. 5. The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed a solitary tear. 6. For thee a funeral bell shall ring. 7. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over the northern land. 8. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair. 9. Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands. 10. The women carry psalm books in their hands wrapped in silk handkerchiefs.

VIII.

1. I left our cottage threshold sallying forth with a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung. 2. Before me shone a glorious world fresh as a banner bright. 3. With these words Socrates raised the cup to his lips, and drank very calmly and cheerfully. 4. Overhead hang the fanlike branches trailing with moss. 5. The bright sun now past his middle course shoots down his fiercest beams. 6. From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs. 7. A single person working entirely by himself will not be able to obtain more than sufficient food for his own subsistence. 8. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre waxing cold and slow within him and retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back. 9. The gentle lark, weary of rest, from his moist cabinet mounts up on high. 10. At the beginning of his majesty's reign Lord Talbot came to the administration of a great department in the household.

IX.

1. All the wheels of government at home and abroad were stopped. 2. The sloth in its wild state spends its whole life in trees. 3. Some

five or six months before his death he began to grow jealous of everybody. 4. When a Fellow of Eton College he addressed a series of discourses to the scholars. 5. Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca, borne on a sedan or open litter. 6. Now my soul unused to stretch her powers in flight so daring drops her weary wing. 7. The cottager's wife will ask him to sit down, in hearty Devonshire phrase. 8. The first years of a young barrister are spent in anxious leisure. 9. The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers. 10. A branch of thorns with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them.

X.

1. Sir Walter, restless as the veering wind, calls to the tired dogs. 2. To make thy praises known another monument shall here be raised. 3. This beast not unobserved by Nature fell. 4. Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp. 5. Repeating one's statements does not prove them true. 6. By an exclusive attention to one class of phenomena the human intellect was stunted. 7. The queen who could not hide her anxiety hoped that he would return. 8. To

build a bridge at that point on the river was pronounced impossible. 9. From peak to peak the rattling crags among leaps the live thunder. 10. The poor beetle that we tread upon finds a pang as great as when a giant dies.

XI.

So Hector ran through the city to the Scæan gates, and there Andromache spied him, and hasted to meet him. And with her was the nurse, bearing the young child on her bosom—Hector's only child, beautiful, headed as a star. Silently he smiled when he saw the child, but Andromache clasped his hand and wept, and said :

“O Hector, thy courage will bring thee to death. Thou hast no pity on thy wife and child, but sparest not thyself, and all the Greeks will rush on thee and slay thee. It were better for me, losing thee, to die ; for I have no comfort but thee. My father is dead, for Achilles slew him but spoiled him not, so much he revered him. With his arms he burnt him, and the mountain-nymphs planted poplars about his grave. Seven brethren I had, and lo ! they all fell in one day by the hand of the great Achilles.

And my mother, she is dead, for when she had been ransomed, Artemis smote her with an arrow in her father's house. But thou art father to me, and mother and brother and husband also. Have pity, then, and stay here upon the wall, lest thou leave me a widow and thy child an orphan."

But Hector said: "I would not that any son or daughter of Troy should see me skulking from the war. And my own heart loathes the thought, and bids me fight in the front. Well I know, indeed, that Priam, and the people of Priam, and holy Troy, will perish. Yet it is not for Troy, or for the people, or even for my father or my mother, that I care so much, as for thee in the day when some Greek shall carry thee away captive, and thou shalt ply the loom or carry the pitcher in the land of Greece. And some one shall say when he sees thee, 'This was Hector's wife, who was the bravest of the sons of Troy.' May the earth cover me before that day!"

Then Hector stretched out his arms to his child. But the child drew back into the bosom of his nurse with a loud cry, fearing the shining bronze and the horse-hair plume which nodded awfully from his helmet-top. Then father and

mother laughed aloud. And Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it on the ground, and caught his child in his hands, and kissed him and dandled him, praying aloud to Father Zeus and all the gods.

“Grant, Father Zeus and all ye gods, that this child may be great among the sons of Troy; and may they say some day, when they see him carrying home the bloody spoils from the war, ‘A better man than his father this,’ and his mother shall be glad at heart.”

Then he gave the child to his mother, and she clasped him to her breast and smiled a tearful smile. And her husband had pity on her, and stroked her with his hand, and spake:

“Be not troubled overmuch. No man shall slay me against the ordering of fate; but as for fate, that, I trow, no man may escape, be he coward or brave. But go, ply thy tasks, the shuttle and the loom, and give their tasks to thy maidens, and let men take thought for the battle.”

Then Hector took up his helmet from the ground, and Andromache went her way to her home, oft turning back her eyes. And when she was come, she and all her maidens wailed for

the living Hector as though he were dead, for she thought that she would never see him any more returning safe from the battle.

And as Hector went his way, Paris came running, clad in shining arms, like to some proud steed which has been fed high in his stall, and now scours the plain with head aloft and mane streaming over his shoulders. And he spake to Hector :

“I have kept thee, I fear, when thou wast in haste, nor came at thy bidding.”

But Hector answered, “No man can blame thy courage, only thou willfully heldest back from the battle. Therefore do the sons of Troy speak shame of thee. But now let us go to the war.”

So they went together out of the gates, and fell upon the hosts of the Greeks and slew many chiefs of fame.

XII.

Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal hearted farmer. He seldom sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm ; but within these, everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his

wealth, but not proud of it. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in a green sheltered fertile nook. A great elm tree spread its branches over it. At the foot of the tree bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighbouring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf-willows. Hard by the farm house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church. Every window and crevice seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm. The flail was busy resounding within it from morning to night. Swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves. Rows of pigeons were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond convoying whole fleets of ducks. Regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard; and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his

burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

XIII.

To do the duties of the chapel, he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian. He always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their Bibles, say their prayers, and above all, to pay their rents punctually and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy, gorgeous old plate. There are complete suites of rooms, apparently deserted and time worn; and towers and turrets tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

He has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled, but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house, that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests. It has stood for several hundred years, and therefore is not likely to tumble down now. His family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comforted without them.

VIII.—MODIFIERS.

(a) *The pupil will examine, compare and classify the modifiers on the basis of structure.*

(b) *The pupil will examine, compare and classify the judgments on the basis of structure.*

I.

1. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance. 2. The air was more mild and warm. 3. About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance. 4. The men who were in ambush near the gate ran to assist their friends. 5. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng. 6. The long, wide avenue of tiny shops stretched out behind the storm. 7. As we rode over the

moat, the flakes began to fall more thickly. 8. This is the house that Jack built. 9. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe exhibit the remains of great strength. 10. An harbour, which had been constructed of lattice work was covered with vegetation.

II.

1. One trooper cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. 2. The veins of copper which lie in the same region were altogether neglected. 3. The Irish were the only people in Northern Europe who had remained true to the old religion. 4. Of late years he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum. 5. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior. 6. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. 7. After his return he went to Bath to recruit his health. 8. In spite of his impatient outbursts, the officers whom he commanded remained attached to him for life. 9. These men found that they had a wise and resolute enemy opposed to them. 10. Though he had been sorely buffeted about

the world he was satisfied that the world in itself was good and beautiful.

III.

1. When she mounted the cart, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though in reality she did not exceed it. 2. His eyes which grew brighter with age were then of a deep violet. 3. A small piece of waste land which was intersected by a brook fringed with osier, afforded pasture for a few cows. 4. Most of the houses on either hand were low structures of one storey built heavily of stone. 5. To prevent her falling a victim to her rashness now seemed impossible. 6. As he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money underground. 7. Campbell was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral that he was unable to write. 8. Fully believing that the wound was mortal and that he was about to die, he called the chaplain. 9. The horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilfillan's party as he discharged his firelock at random. 10. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious.

IV.

Classify the modifiers in the preceding exercises (page 124) on the basis of structure.

V.

Classify the judgments in the following passages on the basis of structure:—

1. The sun poured hot and white upon the long stretch of sandy road. Ellen had hurried through the village and, as it chanced, met no one. Near the post office, on the main street, she saw a familiar figure, which gave her an instant's fear. It was Miss Jane Temple who seemed to be reading a letter which she had in her hand.

She walked steadily and quite rapidly. She passed two or three people; one man, who knew her, said "Hullo, Ellen!" in a surprised way, but asked no questions. After that she walked for a while in the fields along the road so that she might not be seen. The bag was heavy, and so was her heart.

It was nearly dinner time. There were locust trees here and there by the roadside but they had nothing to give her but a flickering shade. She really wished very much that she had eaten more breakfast. If she could see a shop, she

would open her bank, she thought, and buy something. But there were no shops in sight.

It was just noon. The mowed fields on either side of the road lay in a hot blur of sunshine. The long zzing of the locusts seemed to emphasize the stillness. So far the child had been sustained by excitement, but now a dull ache of reality began to make itself felt. She perceived, far off, the moment when resolution would flag. But it was very far off. She would still pretend to herself that she was going to Mercer. Down the white road a little cloud of dust was creeping along. Ellen could hear a low creaking jolt before she could distinguish, in the dusky nimbus, a pedlar's cart. It was covered with sunburnt canvas, and as all the weight was on the front seat, it tilted up behind and sogged upon the front wheels. The white mule which jogged between the shafts was driven by a large person with a ruddy face. He wore spectacles, whose round silver rims looked like little satellites of his moonlight countenance, which had also a halo about it made by a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, and a grey felt hat, worn at the back of his head.

2. Bernard paid the money, well-contented, gave a bow and a scrape, and went away delighted that he had got his opinion. When he reached home it was four in the afternoon; he was tired with his journey, and he resolved to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had been cut for some days, and was now completely dry; and one of his men came to ask if it should be carried in and housed that night."

"This night!" said the farmer's wife, "who ever heard of such a thing? Your master is tired, and the hay can just as well be got in to-morrow." The man said it was no business of his, but the weather might change, and the horses and carts were ready, and the labourers had nothing to do.

To this the angry wife replied that the wind was in a favourable quarter, and that they could not anyway get the work done before nightfall.

Bernard, having listened to both sides of the question, didn't know how to decide, when suddenly he remembered the paper the lawyer had given him. "Stop a minute!" cried he; "I have an opinion—a famous opinion—an opinion that cost me half-a-crown. That's the thing to put

us straight. You are a grand scholar, my dear; tell us what it says." His wife took the paper, and, with some little difficulty, read out these two lines:

"Peter Bernard, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"There's the very thing!" cried the farmer. "Quick! out with the men and the carts, and we'll have the hay in at once."

His wife still grumbled, but it was of no use; Bernard was obstinate; he declared that he was not going to pay half-a-crown for nothing, and that, as he had got an opinion from his lawyer, he would follow it, whatever happened. In fact, he set the example himself, and urging his men to the greatest expedition, he did not return to his home till all the hay was safely housed.

Whatever doubts his wife might have entertained as to his wisdom, were fully put at rest by the result; for the weather changed suddenly during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and when she woke in the morning she saw running through the meadows a brown and turbid flood, carrying in its current the newly-cut hay of her neighbours. All the

farmers close by lost their hay, and Bernard alone had saved his. Having experienced the benefits which followed obedience to the advice of the lawyer, Bernard, from that day forward, never failed to regulate his conduct by the same rule, and in course of time he became one of the richest farmers of the district.

IX.—CONNECTIVES.

(a) *Show the work done by the words in italics.*

(b) *Classify these.*

I.

1. The King *is* loved *by* his subjects. 2. The Queen of Great Britain *and* Ireland *was* crowned *in* 1837. 3. The leaves *are* falling. 4. Men may come *and* men may go, *but* I go on forever. 5. The frosts *were* very severe. 6 The law *of* the wise *is* a fountain *of* life. 7. Lying lips *are* an abomination *to* the Lord. 8. Her ways *are* ways *of* pleasantness *and* all her paths *are* peace. 9. The sacrifice *of* the wicked *is* an abomination *unto* the Lord; *but* the prayer *of* the upright *is* his delight. 10. A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; *but* the simple pass on *and* *are* punished,

II.

1. Many *of* the princes *of* the royal house *were* fighting *in* the field. 2. These roots *are* good for food, *but* those *are* poisonous. 3. Whiskey *and* water *is* his favourite beverage. 4. *By* the yellow Tiber *was* tumult *and* affright. 5. I cannot meet them here *for* my ships *are* out of gear. 6. She must weep *or* she will die. 7. *By* thirty hills I hurry down *or* slip *between* the ridges. 8. Either he *is* ill *or* the letter has gone astray. 9. Her cheek had lost the rose *and* round her neck floated her hair *or* seemed to float *in* rest. 10. Not once *or* twice *in* our fair island-story, the path *of* duty *was* the way to glory.

III.

1. It *was* at Jerusalem *and* it *was* winter. 2. I did not say *that* he *was* here. 3. He fell as fall the dead. 4. You read *but* you do not think. 5. So spun she *and* so sang she *until* the east *was* gray. 6. He died *that* we might live. 7. He took off his shoes *lest* he should be heard. 8. He received great honour *from* the nation, *yet* he *was* not puffed up. 9. Wheat fell *in* price *because* there *was* peace abroad. 10. He must return *except* a passage *be* found.

IV.

1. The more delicate kinds *of* cutlery *were* either made *in* the capital *or* brought *from* the continent. 2. They boasted *that* their hardware *was* highly esteemed. 3. The spot *where* an immense cavalcade halted *to* dine *under* a great oak *is* not yet forgotten. 4. The public service *was* starved *that* courtiers might be pampered. 5. *When* the court soon *after* the Restoration visited Tunbridge Wells there *was* no town. 6. We should greatly err *if* we *were* to suppose such a thing. 7. Men tried *to* read the countenance *of* every minister *as* he went *through* the throng *to and from* the royal closet. 8. Never *was* an Englishman more *at* home *than when* he took his ease *in* his inn. 9. She saw the sea draw nearer *and* nearer, *yet* gave no sign *of* alarm. 10. He blushed, *therefore* he *is* guilty.

V.

1. It would not be *at* all strange *if* Mr. Gladstone *were* one *of* the most unpopular men *in* England. 2. He *was* angry *otherwise* he would have remained. 3. He had left *before* I arrived. 4. I shall return *unless* John writes *before* the snow melts. 5. The man holds power *because*

he *was* elected *by* the people. 6. We will not pretend *to* say *what is* the best explanation of this text, *but we are* sure *that* Mr. Gladstone's is the worst. 7. We have observed *in* the "Pilgrim's Progress" several pages *which* do not contain a single word *of* more *than* two syllables. 8. Empires *which* branch out widely *are* often more flourishing *for* a little timely pruning. 9. He soon descended *to* the station *whence* he had arisen. 10. He knows *whether* he did it.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES FOR REVIEW.

Separate into propositions, classify, separate into subject and predicate, distinguish examples of real and verbal predication, classify constituent elements on the basis of sentence function.

I.

I come, I come! Ye have called me long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut
 flowers
 By thousands have burst from their forest-
 bowers,

And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath
 been.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the
 chain ;
They are sweeping on the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-
 brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from the sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

II.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the
 fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
 gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on
the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is
green,
That host with their banners at sunset was
seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and
strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever
were still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride.
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his
mail;

The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord.

III.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught ;
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

IV.

Luxemburg, however, was determined to try whether even this position could be maintained against the superior numbers and the impetuous valour of his soldiers. Soon after sunrise the roar of the cannon began to be heard. William's batteries did much execution before the French artillery could be so placed as to return the fire. It was eight o'clock before the close fighting began. The village of Neerwinden was regarded by both commanders as the point on which everything depended. There an attack was made by the French left wing commanded by Montchevreuil, a veteran officer of high reputa-

tion, and by Berwick, who, though young, was fast rising to an eminent place among the captains of his time. Berwick led the onset, and forced his way into the village, but was soon driven out again with a terrible carnage. His followers fled or perished; he, while trying to rally them, and cursing them for not doing their duty better, was surrounded by foes. He concealed his white cockade, and hoped to be able, by the help of his native tongue, to pass himself off as an officer of the English army. But his face was recognized by one of his mother's brothers, George Churchill, who held on that day the command of a brigade. A hurried embrace was exchanged between the kinsmen; and the uncle conducted the nephew to William, who, as long as everything seemed to be going well, remained in the rear. The meeting of the King and the captive, united by such close domestic ties, and divided by such inexpiable injuries, was a strange sight. Both behaved as became them. William uncovered, and addressed to his prisoner a few words of courteous greeting. Berwick's only reply was a solemn bow. The King put on his hat, the Duke put on his hat, and the cousins parted forever.

V.

Imagine yourself on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of water-fowls on whistling wings from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.

His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller waterfowl are seen passing rapidly towards the south; but the eagle heeds them not—they are for the time beneath his attention.

The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a distant swan is heard. The

eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek from his mate comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, darts upon the timid bird, which now, in agony and despair, seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing, and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

Then it is that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race. He presses down his strong feet, and drives his claws deeper and deeper into the heart of the swan. He screams with delight as he watches the last feeble struggles of his prey.

The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made; and, if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that his power and courage were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails up to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

VI.

But meanwhile in the centre great deeds of arms
were wrought;

There Aulus the Dictator, and there Valerius
fought.

Aulus with his good broadsword a bloody pas-
sage cleared

To where, amidst the thickest foes, he saw the
long white beard.

Flat lighted that good broadsword upon proud
Tarquin's head,

He dropped the lance ; he dropped the reins ; he
fell as fall the dead.

Down Aulus springs to slay him, with eyes like
coals of fire ;

But faster Titus hath sprung down, and hath
bestrode his sire.

Latian captains, Roman knights, fast down to
earth they spring,

And hand to hand they fight on foot around the
ancient king.

First Titus gave tall Cæso a death wound in the
face ;

Tall Cæso was the bravest man of the brave
Fabian race ;

Aulus slew Rex of Gabii, the priest of Juno's
shrine :

Valerius smote down Julius, of Rome's great
Julian line ;

Julius, who left his mansion high on the Velian
hill,

And through all turns of weal and woe followed
proud Tarquin still.

Now right across proud Tarquin a corpse was
Julius laid ;

And Titus groaned with rage and grief, and at
Valerius made.

Valerius struck at Titus, and lopped off half his
crest ;

But Titus stabbed Valerius a span deep in the
breast.

Like a mast snapped by the tempest, Valerius
reeled and fell.

Ah ! woe is me for the good house that loves the
people well !

Then shouted loud the Latines, and with one
rush they bore

The struggling Romans backward three lances'
length and more ;

And up they took proud Tarquin, and laid him
on a shield,

And four strong yeomen bare him, still senseless,
from the field.

VII.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, " on

which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in a cocked hat restored order; and having as-

sumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well—who are they?—name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin and piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder!” why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun,

and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of

since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The

neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

VIII.

The strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree.

Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father. "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father!" said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Dear me! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father. "It eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is

somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he. "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns

shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble; I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda

as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me, if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard. My father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

"Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help,

Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praise of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the

world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish. My girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine, long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

IX.

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recall, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's. My room was at an aerial elevation in

the house, and (what was worse) the staircase which communicated with this angle of the building was accessible only by a gallery, which passed the head-master's chamber door. I was a favourite with all the servants; and knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head-master's. The groom swore he would do anything I wished; and when the time arrived, went upstairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man; however, the groom was a man

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies,

and had a back as capacious as Salisbury Plains. Accordingly, he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, while I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps; but, unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped, and the mighty burden, falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the

bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bedroom door of the archididasculus. My first thought was, that all was lost, and that my only chance of executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine, but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *contretemps*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sung out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not forbear joining in it; subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *etourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. ——— would sally out of his room; for, in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprung out like a mastiff from his kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling, even, was to be heard in the bedroom. Dr. ——— had a painful complaint, which sometimes keeping

him awake, made him sleep, perhaps, when it did come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheelbarrow, and on its road to the carrier's; then, "with Providence my guide," I set off on foot, carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress under my arm; a favourite English poet in one pocket; and a small 12mo. volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

X.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest; the outcome of many or of all high qualities; what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers, according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans; worshipped many natural objects,—recognized them as symbols, immediate manifestations, of the Maker of Nature. It was wrong; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. Do we not, as I urged, still account it a merit to recognize a certain inexhaustible significance, "poetic beauty" as we name it, in all natural objects whatsoever? A

man is a poet, and honoured, for doing that, and speaking or singing it,—a kind of diluted worship. They had many Prophets, these Arabs; teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed, have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devoutness and noble-mindedness had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples? Biblical critics seemed agreed that our own Book of Job was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* everyway; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse,—“hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*?”—he “*laughs* at the shak-

ing of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.



